

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

# Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

No. 12 • 3rd MAY 1969

PRICE 1/3



This beautiful picture entitled "Frolic" is by the artist Lawrence Beall Smith.

*Reproduced from the print published by Pallas Gallery Ltd., London, W. 1.*





# ALADDIN and his Wonderful Lamp



1. The wicked magician strode into the bedchamber of the Princess he had kidnapped. "Come with me and meet our wedding guests," he said. But the beautiful Princess Badroul drew back. "Wedding guests?" she said. "I shall never marry you, you rascal."



2. Aladdin, who was hiding behind a curtain, heard all that was said. "It will be the worse for you unless you obey me," hissed the magician. The frightened Princess went along with him but Aladdin, slipping from behind the curtain, followed them.



3. The magician led the Princess to where the three Arab princes were waiting. "Is she not fairer than the first rose of summer?" asked the magician. "Is she not worthy to be the bride of the most powerful man in all the world? Come, let us drink to her beauty."

4. Food and wine was brought and the wicked magician raised his wine-cup on high. "To the Princess Badroul!" he said. He did not notice that Aladdin, who was hiding behind his high chair, was pouring a green powder into his wine. The powder was a sleeping potion.





5. The magician drank the wine and fell asleep at once. Then Aladdin sprang out from behind the high chair and thrust his hand into the magician's robes. With a triumphant cry he withdrew the Magic Lamp. The princes threw up their arms in astonishment.



6. Then they hid their faces in their hands as Aladdin rubbed the Magic Lamp and the Slave appeared in all his splendour. "Take this palace and all in it back home," ordered Aladdin. "To hear is to obey," smiled the great genie.



7. At once the great palace was back where it had first stood. As it landed the King, Princess Badroul's father, ran in, followed by his vizier and Aladdin's mother. "My daughter—safe!" said the King. "All is forgiven, Aladdin." And so they all lived happily ever after. Everybody, that is, except the wicked magician.





1. The first boat was invented when man discovered that wood could float and scooped out a tree trunk to make a rough canoe.



2. Later the early Britons invented this boat which was called a coracle. It was made from skins stretched over a light cane frame.



5. This splendid looking sailing ship was called a galleon, and it was used mainly by the Spaniards nearly four hundred years ago.



6. This is one of the most famous ships in history. It is called the Victory and it was sailed by England's greatest naval hero, Lord Nelson.



# All Sorts of



9. A junk is a flat-bottomed boat used by Chinese and Japanese merchants. Although difficult for sailors to handle, it will not easily sink.



10. Here is a dhow, an Arab sea-going ship. In the olden days it was used for transporting slaves from Africa to Arabia.

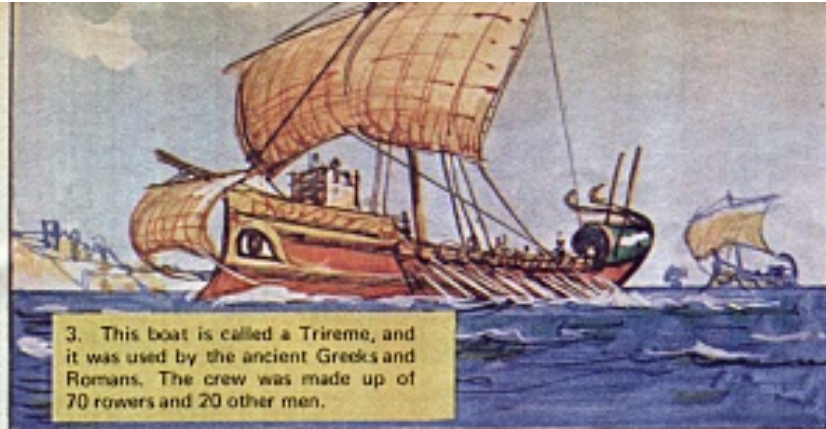


13. This frail looking little boat is a Polynesian outrigger, or catamaran. Catamarans like this can ride over the surf and keep afloat in rough seas.



14. This is a sampan which is found in Eastern waters. Although it is only about fifteen feet long, poor families live in sampans.

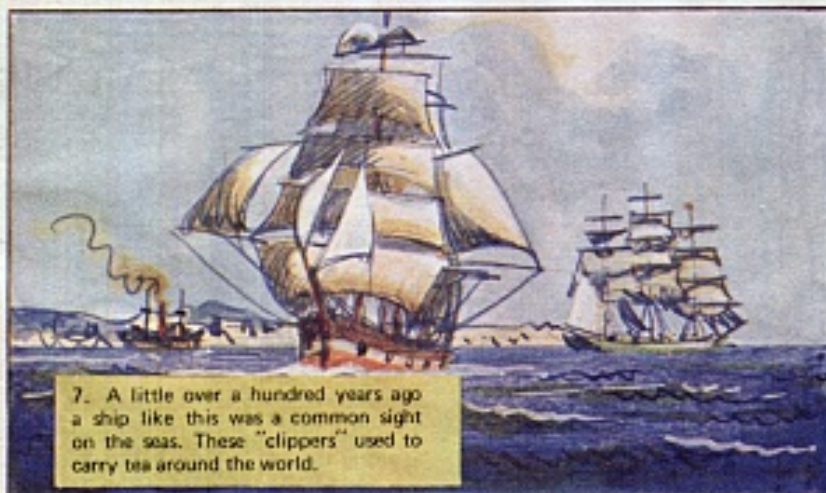




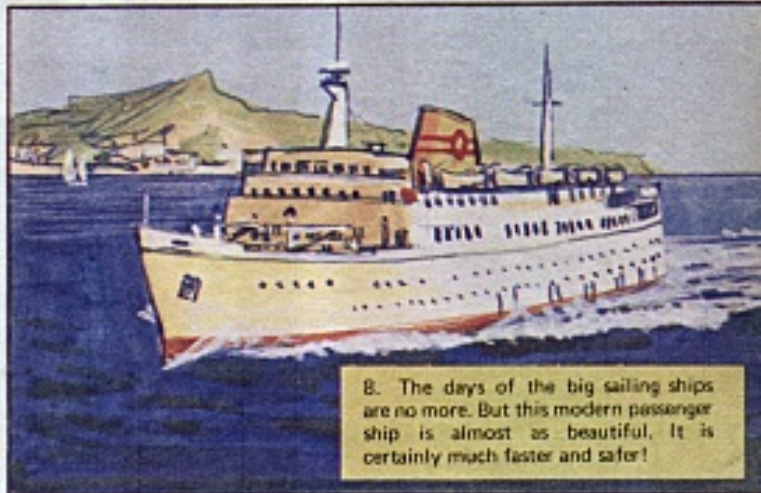
3. This boat is called a Trireme, and it was used by the ancient Greeks and Romans. The crew was made up of 70 rowers and 20 other men.



4. Many centuries ago the Viking raiders came from Scandinavia. This is the galley ship they used.



7. A little over a hundred years ago a ship like this was a common sight on the seas. These "clippers" used to carry tea around the world.



8. The days of the big sailing ships are no more. But this modern passenger ship is almost as beautiful. It is certainly much faster and safer!

# Ships and Boats



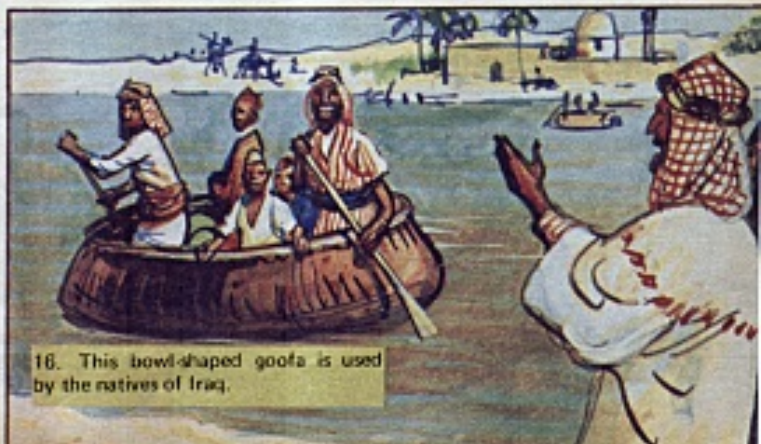
11. Barges today are mostly used in the canals of England and Holland. Some are pulled by horses and some, like this one, have engines.



12. Here is a little craft called a Kayak, a skin-covered boat used by Eskimos. The Eskimo is laced in a skin covering the seat of the canoe.



15. These strange looking boats are called balsas, and they are used by the South American Indians.



16. This bowl-shaped goafa is used by the natives of Iraq.



# BRER RABBIT

This week Brer Rabbit jumps into a basket.

By Barbara Hayes.

**N**OW, you children may not believe this, but there was once a time, when Brer Wolf actually caught Brer Rabbit.

He really caught him fair and square and it was only because Brer Rabbit was such a clever little chap that he managed to escape and go on playing his naughty tricks.

It happened this way.

In those days, the animals liked to go calling on human beings and stay around chatting.

And it was not just dropping in for a quick cup of tea in the afternoon either.

They used to go on quite long visits lasting from just after breakfast until supper time.

Well, it happened that Brer Rabbit took a liking to a certain Miss Motts and one morning he put on his best suit and went to call on her.

But Miss Motts wasn't at home.

So then Brer Rabbit thought he would go and see his friend Miss Meadows and the girls.

When he got there, lo and behold, who should be there already, but Miss Motts.

Brer Rabbit was pleased.

All the humans he liked best were together in one house.

So Brer Rabbit went in and



laughed and chatted all the day long, until at dusk, he thought it was time to wend his way home.

But Brer Rabbit hadn't gone far along the road home before he saw a big basket standing at the side of the road.

Brer Rabbit looked up the road, but he saw nobody.

He looked down the road, but he saw nobody.

He looked before.

He looked behind.

He looked all round, but he saw nobody.

He listened and listened, but he heard nothing.

He waited and he waited, but nobody came.

Then by and by, Brer Rabbit went and peeped into the basket and it seemed as if the basket was full of grass.

He reached in his hand, he did and took some of the grass and put it in his mouth. Then he shut his eyes as if he were really thinking hard.

After a while he said to himself:

"It looks like sparrow grass. It feels like sparrow grass. It tastes like sparrow grass — and bless my soul, if it isn't sparrow grass."

Now, sparrow grass was Brer

Rabbit's favourite food, so without more ado, he kicked up his heels and leaped right into the big basket.

And that was where Brer



Rabbit made his big mistake, because when he leapt into the basket of sparrow grass, he leapt in on old Brer Wolf, who was curled up at the bottom of the basket.

Old Brer Wolf grinned, he did and he licked his lips and he said:

"Why, I said to Brer Fox, only yesterday, that I was going to take a nap alongside the road here. And I knew that if I took my nap amongst some sparrow grass, Brer Rabbit would be bound to drop in and say hallol And Brer Rabbit, here you are!"

When Brer Rabbit heard that, he began to feel mighty scared. He twisted and turned and begged Brer Wolf to let him loose.

But Brer Wolf only grinned.

"Where are you going to take me, Brer Wolf?" asked Brer Rabbit.

"Down by the stream, Brer Rabbit," said Brer Wolf.

"What are you taking me there for?" asked Brer Rabbit.

"So I can get some water to cook you in, Brer Rabbit," replied Brer Wolf.

"Please let me go, Brer Wolf," pleaded Brer Rabbit.

"Don't make me laugh, Brer Rabbit," grinned Brer Wolf.

"That sparrow grass has made me feel sick, Brer Wolf," said Brer Rabbit.

"You'll feel even sicker before I've finished with you, Brer Rabbit," laughed Brer Wolf.

"But where I come from, nobody eats sick animals, Brer Wolf," went on Brer Rabbit.

"Where I come from they

don't eat any other kind, Brer Rabbit," chuckled Brer Wolf.

Well, the two animals went on like this, until they reached the stream.

Brer Rabbit pleaded and cried and cried and begged and Brer Wolf he grinned and grinned and chuckled and chuckled.

When they came to the stream, Brer Wolf laid Brer Rabbit down on the ground and held him there and tried to make up his mind, just how he would like Brer Rabbit cooked.

Brer Wolf thought and he thought and while he was thinking, Brer Rabbit started to do some thinking of his own.

Then when it seemed that Brer Wolf was all ready to cook Brer Rabbit, Brer Rabbit pretended to cry worse than ever and he said:

"Ber - ber - Brer Wooly-ooley-ooley! Are you going - to cook me r-right now?"

"That I am Brer Rabbit. That I am."

"Well, if I have to be cooked then I want to be cooked properly. And if I have to be eaten, then I want to be eaten properly," sobbed Brer Rabbit.

"What do you mean, Brer Rabbit?"

"I mean I want you to be polite about it, Brer Wooly-ooley-ooley!"

"Polite in what way, Brer Rabbit?"

"I want you to say grace before you eat me, Brer Wolf."

"How do I say grace?" asked Brer Wolf, who wasn't used to such polite ways.

"Why, you fold your hands together under your chin, Brer Wolf and you shut your eyes and you say:

"For what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful!"

So Brer Wolf, he put up his hands, he did and he shut his eyes and he said:

"For what we are, . . . . .

But he didn't get any further, because the minute Brer Wolf took his hands off Brer Rabbit, Brer Rabbit gave a wiggle and leapt to his feet and was off like a streak of lightning.

And Brer Rabbit didn't stop running, until he was safely back in his own home.

And I can tell you another thing. It was a mighty long time before Brer Rabbit fancied eating sparrow grass again.

But it was even longer before Brer Wolf said grace.

There will be another Brer Rabbit story next week.





# How Some Animals Move



The hawk hovers



The fox prowls



The gull glides



The kangaroo hops



The butterfly flutters



The peacock struts



The horse canters



The duck waddles



The salmon leaps



# Ronny Wrong and Richard Right



Ronnie Wrong asks his Mother for the biggest slice of cake.



Richard Right says "Be sure to leave enough for yourself, Mummy."



Ronnie pushes past his Mother to enter the house first.



Richard smiles and says "You first, Mummy."



Ronnie sits in the most comfortable chair in the room.



Richard says "You look tired, Mummy. Take this chair."





This story is a memory test. Read it carefully and then turn to page 16 and try to answer the questions about it.

**O**NCE a great war was fought in this country.

On one side there were the Royalists who fought for King Charles. On the other side were the soldiers of the Parliament. The King had quarrelled with his Parliament and a long and terrible war broke out.

Our story took place just after a big battle. Sir Richard Fanshaw, who had fought for the King, left the battlefield and galloped to his home with several soldiers of the Parliament chasing him. Sir Richard knew that if he was caught he would go to prison.

He hid in his house where he thought his

enemies would never find him. Soon afterwards they arrived.

His wife, his sister, his little daughter Nancy and his son Roland were taken into a room and there they were asked one question after another by some officers while their soldiers searched the house.

## AND WHEN DID





*(Reproduced by kind permission of the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.)*

## YOU LAST SEE YOUR FATHER?

"And when did you last see your father?" Roland was asked. Steadfastly the boy refused to answer.

"You are my father's enemies," he said, "and I will tell you nothing. Do your worst!"

Just then a messenger arrived. He came from the army of the Parliament, to order

the soldiers to rejoin the army at once.

So they had to ride away without Sir Richard.

After they had gone, Sir Richard stepped out of his hiding-place. He had been hiding in a big clothes-basket in the very room where the officers had been seated.

"I thought if I hid myself under their very noses, they would never find me," he chuckled. "It was a case of not being able to see the wood for the trees."

Then he smiled at his son. "You are a brave lad, Roland," said he. "I'm proud of you. You are a real little Royalist."



# The Highwayman

1. Once upon a time there was a very rich lord called Earl of Bumble. He had a charming daughter whose name was Diana. Now Diana fell in love with a gentleman named Jack Matchwell. One day the Earl saw them together in the garden.



2. He was very angry because he wanted Diana to marry a friend of his who had lots of money but was also very elderly. So the Earl decided to take his daughter away to stay with his sister. She was a very harsh old lady who had never married.



3. When Jack Matchwell heard about this, he laughed merrily. "The Earl thinks Diana will forget me after a few weeks," said he. "But I will spoil his plans." When the Earl set out with his daughter behind him, Jack followed.



4. A few miles along the road, the Earl and his daughter were startled when out of a hedge at the side of the road, stepped a man wearing a black mask and a shabby hat and cloak. "A highwayman," gasped the Earl.



5. "Yes," replied the masked man in a deep voice. "A highwayman who wants your money. Hand it over!" He pointed his pistols at the Earl who sank to his knees and pulled all his money out of his pockets.





6. Then the highwayman jumped on the Earl's horse and rode away with Diana who was now feeling very frightened. But as soon as they had rounded a bend, the highwayman stopped the horse and kissed Diana.

7. Diana struggled to free herself and managed to jump to the ground. At once the highwayman dismounted, too, and took off his mask and shabby hat and cloak. Diana gasped. "Why, it's you, Jack," she said in amazement.

8. "Yes," laughed Jack. "Now you stay here with your horse. I must return to your father." He whistled and in answer his own horse came trotting out of some nearby trees. Now wearing his own three-cornered hat and blue coat, Jack rode back to the Earl.

9. The Earl had fallen in a ditch. "Lackaday," said Jack Matchwell. "What has happened, sir?" The Earl told him that a highwayman had robbed him and ridden off with his daughter. "Have no fear," said Jack. "I will follow them and rescue your daughter."

10. Jack galloped away and returned to Diana who was smilingly waiting for him. "Now to take you back to your father," chuckled Jack. Together they rode swiftly back to where the Earl was clambering out of the ditch.

11. "I have brought back your daughter, sir," smiled Jack, "but I'm sorry to say the rascal who made off with her managed to escape. I taught him a lesson though and believe me, he will never rob or kidnap again." The Earl shook Jack's hand and it was Jack who married Diana.





## BEAUTIFUL PICTURES

Give a boy a sunny afternoon, a home-made fishing rod, a dog, a raft and a lake full of fish. What have you got? Why, a beautiful scene like this. Surely you will want to cut out this picture and stick it in your scrap album to remind you that summer is coming.



# The First Englishman

One thousand four hundred years ago there lived, in the southern part of what today we call Denmark, some fierce tribes called Jutes, Saxons and Angles.

They were sea-rovers, much given to raiding and burning the homes of less warlike people. Between the years A.D.450 and 700, they settled in this country and called it "Angle-land." That is why the name of our country today is England.

On the right, you can see what one of these pirates, who worshipped strange gods, really looked like. Later they became Christians and in the background is the sort of church they built.



This is the type of sword the Anglo-Saxons used. If you join the dots from No.1 to No.31, you will complete the picture.

For signalling or calling for help, a hunting-horn was used. Join the dots from No.1 to No.23 and you will see what one of these horns looked like.







## THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE Country Mouse

This week Stephanie takes a bath.

by Barbara Hayes.

ONCE upon a time there were two mice. They were cousins. One mouse was called Stephanie and she lived in the town and was very smart and elegant.

The other mouse was called Winifred. She lived in the country and although she was very kind-hearted and was a wonderful cook, even her best friends couldn't have called her smart.

As for being *elegant*, well Winifred wouldn't even have known how to *spell* the word, let alone tell you what it meant.

However, the mice both lived their little lives quite happily, until one day, the town mouse caught rather a bad cold and her doctor sent her for a country holiday with her cousin Winifred.

Now Stephanie — or Steve, as her smart town friends called her, didn't want to go to the country a bit.

"The country is so *dull*. And Winifred is just a sweet-natured *bore*" thought Stephanie, "but I suppose I'd better go for this country holiday my doctor keeps babbling on about. That fresh air stuff might just do me some good."

And to tell the truth, Winifred was rather scared at the thought of having her grand town cousin come to stay in her simple little home.

"I do hope everything will be good enough for our Stephanie," thought Winifred.

But from the first things went wrong.

To start with, Stephanie expected a taxi to meet her at the station when she arrived.

She didn't like the idea of having to walk from the railway station to Winifred's house.

And she didn't really seem as grateful as she should have been that Bertie, Winifred's boy-friend, pushed her suitcases in a little wooden cart for her.

"What a wonderful day!" she said in her sarcastic towny way, as she limped along the road towards Winifred's house. "I can see I'm

going to enjoy my stay in the country. *Hur!* No taxis — and I don't suppose you have any theatres, either."

"Oh, Stephanie. Don't carry on so!" murmured Winifred.

But kind Winifred forgave Stephanie for her hard words.

"After all! Stephanie has been ill" thought Winifred to herself.

At last, the mice arrived at Winifred's house. Boy-friend Bertie took in the suitcases and then went off to his own home and the two girls were left to themselves.

Poor Stephanie just flopped down into a chair and rested her aching feet.

But she felt better when kind Winifred made her a cup of tea.

"Don't make the tea too strong," called Stephanie, "I know you country bumpkins — I mean country *folk*-like tea as thick as soup. But I have a very delicate tongue. Please make the tea fairly weak and don't forget to strain it — and, of course, no sugar. Think of my figure!"

Poor Winifred felt so nervous that her hands shook as she carried in the tea tray and the cups tinkled together — tinkle-tinkle-clip-clap!

"It's lucky you don't have to earn your living as a waitress!" laughed Stephanie. "You wouldn't last five minutes in town."

But all the same Stephanie drank her tea and had a second cup and had two slices of Winifred's home-made cake.

You see, Stephanie made a habit of sneering at everything in the country, but in her heart, she had to admit that the tea and cake were really very nice.

"Who would have thought that dowdy old Winifred could do so well!" she thought.

Then after tea, Stephanie went up to her bed-room to unpack and as she went she said to Winifred:

"Darling there is just one tiny thing more. I usually have my bath round about this time! Do you think you could run a nice hot bath for me to have as soon as I have finished packing?"

"Of course, Stephanie dear!" said Winifred, "I will see to it at once."

But she thought to herself:

"I always have my weekly bath the day before I go to visit friends. And I would have thought that our Stephanie would have done the same, not put me to all the bother of getting her a bath on the day she arrives. Town folk aren't as smart as they make out then."

What Winifred didn't realize was that Stephanie had a bath every evening.

You see down in the country where Winifred lived, they didn't believe in too much washing.

"'Tisn't natural," the old folk used to say. And they'd go on, "people who wash themselves too much will wash themselves away."

However, trying to do her best to please her visitor, Winifred got out her tin bath. She put it in the warmest place in front of the fire and then boiled several kettles full of nice hot water.

You see Winifred had no bathroom. The tin bath in front of the fire always seemed so cosy that somehow Winifred had never bothered with one of those new-fangled baths.

But, of course, Stephanie was used to a lovely tiled bathroom with a huge bath and silver taps.

How she stared when she came down in her pretty housecoat and with all her lovely, scented soap and saw — just a tin bath in front of the fire.

"Heaven help me!" she gasped, "I think this healthy, country holiday is going to be the end of me."

But, of course it wasn't as you will learn. There will be more about the town mouse in the country next week.

.....

Here are the questions about the story on the centre pages. Try to answer the questions and then re-read the story to see if your answers are correct.

1. What was the King's name?
2. Why was there a great war?
3. What was the name of the little boy?
4. Where did Sir Richard hide?







# PINOCCHIO

Pinocchio and his master Geppetto, after many adventures knock at the door of an old cottage. When they enter, Pinocchio sees an old friend, the Talking Cricket.

"OH, my dear little Cricket!" said Pinocchio, bowing politely to him.

"Ah! Now you call me 'Your dear little Cricket.' But do you remember the time when you threw a hammer at me, to drive me from your house?"

"You are right, Cricket! Drive me away also ... throw a hammer at me; but have pity on my poor papa..."

"I will have pity on both father and son, but I wished to remind you of the ill treatment I received from you, to teach you that in this world, when it is possible, we should be kind to everybody, if we wish people to be kind to us in our hour of need."

"You are right, Cricket, you are right and I will bear in mind the lesson you have given me. But tell me how you managed to buy this beautiful hut."

"This hut was given to me yesterday by a goat whose wool was of a beautiful blue colour."

"And where has the goat gone?" asked Pinocchio.

"I do not know."

"And when will it come back?"

"It will never come back. It went away yesterday bleating in great grief. It seemed to say: 'Poor Pinocchio ... I shall never see him more ... by this time the whale must have eaten him!'"

"Did it really say that? Then it was shel ... it was shel ... it was my dear Good Fairy!" exclaimed Pinocchio.

When he had cried for some time he dried his eyes and prepared a comfortable bed of straw for Geppetto. Then he asked the Cricket: "Please where can I find a tumbler of milk for my poor Papa?"

"Three fields off from here there lives a gardener called Gino who keeps cows. Go to him and you will get the milk you are in want of."

Pinocchio ran all the way to Gino's house; and the gardener asked him:

"How much milk do you want?"

"I want a tumblerful."

"A tumbler of milk costs a half-penny. Begin by giving me the halfpenny."

"I have not even a farthing," replied Pinocchio sadly.

"That is bad, puppet," answered the gardener. "If you have not even a farthing, I can not even give a drop of milk."

"I'm sorry I bothered you," said Pinocchio, and he turned to go.

"Wait a little," said Gino. "Will you undertake to turn the pumping machine?"

"What is the pumping machine?"

"It is a wooden pole which serves to

draw up the water from the cistern to water the vegetables."

"You can try me ...."

"Well, then, if you will draw a hundred buckets of water, I will give you in exchange a tumbler of milk."

"It is a bargain."

Gino then led Pinocchio to the kitchen garden and taught him how to turn the pumping machine. Pinocchio immediately began to work; but before he had drawn up the hundred buckets of water the perspiration was pouring from his head to his feet. Never before had he felt so tired.

When Pinocchio had finished Gino gave him a tumbler of milk, still quite warm and he returned to the hut.

And from that day for more than six months he continued to get up at daybreak every morning to go and turn the pumping machine, to earn the tumbler of milk that was so good for his father in his bad state of health.

Nor was he satisfied with this, for during the time that he had over, he learnt to make hampers and baskets of rushes, and with the money he obtained by selling them he was able to buy lots of things that were needed. Amongst other things he made a little wheelchair, in which he could take his father out for long walks. He also saved up forty pence to buy himself a new coat.

One morning he said to his father: "I am going to market to buy myself a jacket, a cap, and a pair of shoes. When I return," he added laughing, "I shall be so well dressed that you will take me for a fine gentleman."

And leaving the house he began to run merrily and happily along. All at once he heard himself called by name, and turning round he saw a big snail crawling out from the hedge.

"I have been waiting for you, Pinocchio," said the Snail. "I have some news about your Good Fairy."

"Have you indeed?" shouted Pinocchio. "Tell me quickly, my beautiful little Snail, where have you left my Good Fairy? What is she doing? Has she forgiven me? Does she still remember me? Does she still wish me well? Is she far from here? Can I go and see her?"

To all these rapid questions the Snail replied:

"My dear Pinocchio, the poor Fairy is lying in bed at the hospital!"

"At the hospital?"

"It is only too true. Overtaken by a thousand misfortunes she has fallen very ill, and she has not even enough to buy herself a mouthful of bread."



"Is it really so? ... Oh, what sorrow you have given me, Oh, poor Fairy! Poor Fairy! If I had a million pounds I would run and carry it to her ... but I have only forty pence ... here they are: I was going to buy a new coat. Take them, Snail and carry them at once to my Good Fairy."

"And your new coat?"

"What matters my new coat? I would sell even these rags that I have on to be able to help her. Go, Snail and be quick; and in two days return to this place, for I hope I shall then be able to give you some more money. Up to this time I have worked to keep my papa: from today I will work five hours more that I may also keep my Good Fairy. Goodbye, I shall expect you in two days."

The Snail began to run as fast as a greyhound.

That evening Pinocchio, instead of going to bed at ten o'clock, sat up till midnight had struck; and instead of making eight baskets of rushes he made sixteen.

Then he went to bed and fell asleep. And whilst he slept he thought that he saw the Fairy smiling and beautiful who, kissing him, said:

"Well done, Pinocchio! To reward you for your good heart I will forgive you for all that is past. Boys who look after their parents, and assist them in their old age are deserving of great praise and love, even if they are not examples of obedience and good behaviour. Try and do better in the future and you will be happy."

At this moment his dream ended, and Pinocchio opened his eyes and awoke.

But imagine his astonishment when upon awakening he discovered that he was no longer a wooden puppet, but that he had become instead a boy, like all other boys. He gave a glance round and saw that the straw walls of the hut had disappeared, and that he was in a pretty little room beautifully arranged and furnished. Jumping out of bed he found a new suit of clothes ready for him, a new cap, and a pair of new leather shoes that fitted him beautifully.

He was hardly dressed when he put his hand in his pockets and pulled out a little purse on which these words were written: "The Good Fairy returns the forty pence to her dear Pinocchio and thanks him for his good heart." He opened the purse and instead of forty copper pennies, he saw forty shining gold pieces.

He then went and looked at himself in the glass and he thought he was someone else. For he no longer saw the usual reflection of a wooden puppet; he was greeted instead by the image of a handsome boy with fair hair, blue eyes and looking happy and as joyful as if it were holiday time.

In the midst of all these wonders Pinocchio felt quite bewildered, and he could not tell if he was really awake or if he was dreaming with his eyes open.

"Where can my papa be?" he exclaimed suddenly and going into the next room he found old Geppetto quite well, lively and in

good humour, just as he had always been. He was carving a beautiful frame of leaves, flowers and the heads of animals.

"Tell me, dear papa," said Pinocchio throwing his arms round his neck and covering him with kisses "how has this sudden change come about?"

"It is all your doing," answered Geppetto.

"How my doing?"

"Because when boys who have behaved badly turn over a new leaf and become good, they have the power of bringing good luck and happiness to their families."

"And where has the old wooden Pinocchio hidden himself?"

"There he is," answered Geppetto, and he pointed to a big puppet leaning against a chair, with its head on one side, its arms dangling, and its legs crossed and bent.

Pinocchio turned and looked at it and after he had looked at it for some time, he said to himself with great pride:

"How silly I was when I was a puppet! And how glad I am that I have become a good little boy!..."

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There is a city in Italy which has roads of water. The city is called Venice, and it is built on a number of islands. Many streets are canals and the people move from place to place in boats. These boats are called gondolas.



One of the most ancient weapons in the world today is the boomerang, used by the natives of Australia. The boomerang is a curved piece of wood. When it is thrown, it spins through the air to its target. If it misses, it completes a circle and flies back to its owner!

Here every  
week you will be able to  
read these

## STRANGE BUT TRUE

facts which have been gathered  
for you from all over  
the world.

Once upon a time, dogs were wild animals, like lions and tigers. But when a dog is given a bone today watch how it rushes away to hide it for his next meal. This goes back to the time when dogs were wild, and used to hoard food until they needed it.



The dandelion, which can be found in most gardens and in the hedges along lanes, has a number of useful parts. A bitter juice is got from the roots and used in medicine. Dried roots can also be made into a drink, which tastes like coffee. The leaves can be cooked as a vegetable, which is rather like spinach and people also make wine from the petals.



The shell-fish, like crabs and lobsters, which we find in the seas around Northern Europe are usually not very large. But in places where the sea is warm, shell-fish can grow very big. In the Far East, giant crabs which measure as much as four feet from claw to claw have been caught.